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Just Relax

by turtlesan

Summary

It's a rainy day and Robin's still working.

Notes

i've found that my last fred/m!mu fic was like. the fourth one in that tag so. shoves more into that tag pls accept my offerings.

also rating is teen bc this is a tad too gay, u catch my drift.

See the end of the work for more notes

Rain thumps lowly onto their shared tent, the sound almost drowning out the rustling of pages and the squeak of their cot. It was a blessing when the Shepherds were able to afford the small beds, being light enough to lug around when it came time to march. Although rather noisy with even the smallest of movements, they offered much more support and were by far more comfortable than sleeping on the ground.

It’s been a dreary day since dawn. When rain finally fell, no one was surprised; they all took to their tents quickly, save a few of the younger units, who stomped in puddles and danced around the washed out camp fires.

Robin had been among the ones who retired immediately, not seeing how work could be done in such wet weather, considering that the majority of his job consists of paper and quills. Frederick

had joined him an hour or so after, speaking of how he had to check that the perimeter was safe before he could rest for the night.

Not that resting was what he was doing, Robin thinks, amused. Frederick had taken to gently rubbing Robin's shoulders as the tactician read, thumbs gently working out knots and prodding at kinked muscles. Robin couldn't say that he minded this turn in events, but he also found that it was very distracting.
"Frederick?" Robin finally manages to murmur, a soft pink tinting his cheeks, the tips of his ears.

Frederick notes with affection that the rosy color stands out rather forwardly against the snow white of Robin's hair. He slides his hands down to Robin's triceps and squeezes softly. "Yes, dearest?"

"As... a-as much as I appreciate the sentiment, you are slowing down my work flow."

"I am?"

"You are."

Frederick only hums and continues with his "work", hands sliding back up to Robin's shoulders and onto either side of his neck. His thumbs rub light circles into his pressure points, causing Robin's shoulders to slump and his quill to drop.

The tactician is at a loss, for once. The massage feels amazing but he has still yet to finish this tome and the notes coinciding. For a second or two, he considers telling his companion to stop, but then Frederick starts rubbing below his shoulders again, and Robin feels himself becoming putty beneath his love's ministrations.

A low moan comes from his throat, a sound of contentment that has him blushing and Frederick chuckling amiably.

"I take it that you don't mind if I disrupt your work flow for a bit longer?" the knight teases, eyes bright.

Robin attempts at words, but his coherency has all but disappeared.

A small break couldn't hurt.

End Notes

GUESS what happens next.

critiques/comments are super appreciated!!! thank u for readinnnn

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